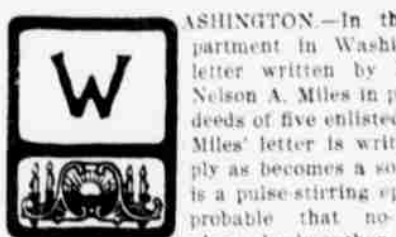


# WINNING AGAINST FATE

EDWARD D. CLARK

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WASHINGTON.—In the war department in Washington is a letter written by Lieut. Gen. Nelson A. Miles in praise of the deeds of five enlisted men. Gen. Miles' letter is written as simply as becomes a soldier, but it is a pulse-stirring epistle. It is probable that no where else in authentic history can there be found an account of a battle won by a force of men when the odds against them were 25 to 1. In no story which can be told concerning the people of the plains is there to be found a tale of greater heroism than that shown by a little contingent of enlisted men of the Sixth United States cavalry down near the Red river in Texas, in the summer of the year 1874. The Sixth cavalry has had a fighting history, but this particular story shines bright in its pages.

The Comanches, the Cheyennes and the Kiowas were on the warpath and were leaving a red trail all along the borders of western Kansas. General, then colonel, Nelson A. Miles, was ordered to take the field against the savages. His expedition fitted out at Fort Dodge and then struck for the far frontier. The combined bands of Indians learned that the troops were on their trail and they fled south to the Red river, of Texas, hotly pursued by two troops of the Sixth cavalry, commanded by Captains Biddle and Compton.

On the bluffs of the Tule river the allied braves made a stand. There were 690 warriors, all told, and they were the finest of the mounted plains Indians. The meager forces of the Sixth, under the leadership of their officers, charged straight at the heart of a force that should have been overwhelming. The reds broke and fled "over the bluffs and through the deep precipitous canyons and out on to the staked plain of Texas."

It became imperatively necessary that couriers should be sent from the detachment of the Sixth to Camp Supply in the Indian Territory. Rein-

forcements were needed and it was necessary as well to inform the troops at a distance that bands of hostiles had broken away from the main body and must be met and checked.

When night came down over the Texas prairie the Cheyennes counted their dead and their wounded and then fled terror-stricken, overcome by the valor of five American soldiers. Heroism was the order in the old plains days.

In the White River valley of Colorado a detachment of troops was surrounded by Utes, and for four days the soldiers, starving and thirsting, made a heroic defense against the swarming reds. Relief came from Fort D. A. Russell, whence Col. Wesley Merritt led a force to the rescue in one of the greatest and quickest rides of army history.

After Merritt's legion had thrashed and scattered the Utes it was supposed that none of the savages was left in the valley. Lieut. Weir of the Ordnance corps, a son of the professor of drawing at the Military academy, was on a visit to the west, and was in the camp of the Fifth cavalry. A tenderfoot named Paul Hume had wandered out to the camp to look over the scene of the great fight. He knew Weir and he suggested a deer hunt.

The ordnance officer agreed to accompany him and off they started after having received a warning not to wander too far afield. The hunters, eager for the chase, went farther than they thought, and soon they changed from hunters to hunted.

A young lieutenant of the Fifth cavalry, William H. Hall, now stationed in Washington with the rank of brigadier general, was ordered to take a party of three men with him and to make a reconnaissance, for it suddenly became the thought of the commanding officer that there might be savages lurking about. Hall and his men struck into the foothills and circled the country for miles. In the middle of the afternoon they heard firing to the right and front. It was rapid and sharp, and Hall led his men straight whence it came.

Rounding a point of rocks the troopers saw at a little distance across an open place in the hills a band of Utes in war paint and feathers. There were 25 of the reds, all told, and they were firing as fast as they could load and pull trigger in the direction of a small natural fortification of boulders a quarter way up the face of a cliff.

From the rocks came a return fire so feeble that Hall knew there could not be more than two men behind the place of defense. In a trice he thought of Weir and Hume, and he believed that



they were the besieged, and subsequent events proved that he was not in error.

Suddenly the Utes took to shelter behind the rocks which were scattered in the open. They had lost one man from the fire of the besieged. They were afraid to charge, knowing that to sweep up that slope, even with only two rifles covering it, meant death for several of their band.

Hall led his men to a position on the flank of the savages and sent in four shots. The bullets were the first notice that the reds had that they had two parties to deal with. They changed their position again in a twinkling, and located themselves so that they were under cover from both directions, but they sent a volley in the face of the little detachment that had ridden in to the rescue.

To charge the enemy with his three men meant certain death to Hall and his troopers. The lieuten-



tion prompt us to recognize, but which we cannot fitly honor."

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ant thought quickly. He believed that if Weir and Hume could reach him, that the party of six, together, might make a retreat back to the camp, holding the pursuing reds in check. It was a desperate chance, but better than staying where they were to starve and thirst or to be surprised and killed in a night rush of the savages.

Weir and Hume heard the shots of the troopers and knew that help, though it was feeble, was at hand. They saw the hovering smoke of the carbines, and thus located exactly the position of the troops. They started to do what Hall thought they would do. They made a dash for some rocks 20 yards nearer their comrades than were those behind which they were hiding.

The cavalry lieutenant knew that the path of Weir and Hume would be bullet-spattered all the way, and that if they escaped being killed it would be because of a miracle. Then this striding lieutenant did something besides think. The instant that Weir and his comrade made their break from cover, Hall stood straight up and presented himself a fair and shining mark for the Ute bullets.

The reds crashed a volley at him, ignoring Weir and Hume. The shots struck all around Hall, making a framework of spatters on the rock at his back, but he was unhurt, and Weir and his comrade were behind shelter at the end of the first stage of their journey.

Hall dropped back to shelter and then in a moment, after Weir and Hume had a chance to draw breath for their second dash, he stood up once more, daring the death that seemed certain. The hunted ones struck for the next spot that offered shelter the instant that the Ute rifles spat their volley at the man who was willing to make of himself a sacrifice that others might live. Hall came through the second ordeal of fire unhurt, and once more he dropped back to shelter to prepare for the third trial with fate.

The Ute chieftain was alive by this time to the situation. He ordered his braves to fire, the one-half at Hall and the other half at the two who were now to run death's gantlet.

Hall stood up. Weir and Hume dashed out. The reds divided their fire. Hall stood unhurt. Weir and Hume dropped dead within ten yards of the man who would have died for them.

Hall led his men back over the track that they had come, holding the Utes at bay. Aid came near the end of the perilous trail. Lieut. Hall is now in the military secretary's department at Washington with the rank of a brigadier general. His men told the story of that day in the White River valley, and a bit of bronze representing the medal of honor is worn by the veteran in recognition of a deed done for his fellows.

A woman never gets old enough not to think it isn't a shame for a woman who is as old as somebody else to dress the youthful way she does.—New York Press.

## HOW HE DID THE CHORES

Wound Up the Music Box and Put His Corkscrew in the Barometer.

"You needn't wait for me," explained the head of the house: "I have a dinner engagement, an important business affair, and no doubt I shall be kept quite late."

At breakfast next morning an ominous silence had fallen upon all. The head of the house had no appetite and was evidently far from feeling well. After a painful silence the husband, without meeting his wife's eye, essayed to start conversation.

"It's funny about that clock," he said. "It's stopped, and I'm sure I wound it last night."

"You are mistaken," said his wife, jolly: "you wound up Willie's music box instead and it played 'Home, Sweet Home' till daylight. The clock in the hall has also stopped, but I find that you screwed your corkscrew into the barometer."

## COVERED WITH HIVES.

Child a Mass of Dreadful Sores, Itching, Irritating Humor for 2 Months—Little Sufferer in Terrible Plight.

Disease Cured by Cuticura.

"My six year old daughter had the dreadful disease called hives for two months. She became affected by playing with children who had it. By scratching she caused large sores which were irritating. Her body was a complete sore but it was worse on her arms and back. We employed a physician who left medicine but it did not help her and I tried several remedies but without avail. Seeing the Cuticura Remedies advertised, I thought I would try them. I gave her a hot bath daily with Cuticura Soap and anointed her body with Cuticura Ointment. The first treatment relieved the itching and in a short time the disease disappeared. Mrs. George L. Frischoff, Warren, Mich. June 30 and July 13, 1908."

Puter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

Hypocrite in the Hereafter.

Dr. Madison C. Peters was discussing the question: "Will the coming man marry?" He instanced a certain type of bachelor.

"This man," he said, "is a hypocrite. He uses his religion as a cloak."

"And what will he do in the next world, eh?" said the reporter.

"Oh," said Dr. Peters, "he won't need any cloak there."

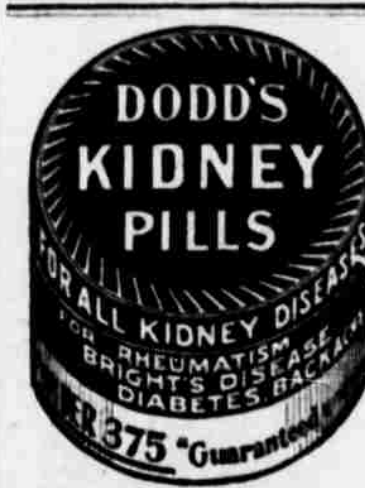
Itching Piles Permanently Cured by a Jar of Resinol Ointment.

About three weeks since I was suffering agony from itching piles, I got a sample jar of Resinol and after bathing with warm water and applying the Resinol, I was in a few days entirely relieved of the itching and believe I am permanently cured. W. W. Evans, Carrollton, Ky.

"Does an automobile help you to forget your troubles?" Yes," answered Mr. Chuggins, thoughtfully: "my other troubles."—Washington Star.

Lewis' Single Binder straight B cigar. You pay for its quality and no good.

Many a man attributes his business success to the fact that his wife needs the money.



## Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna

Cleanses the System Effectually.

Dispels colds and Headaches—due to Constipation: Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative.

Best for Men, Women and Children—Young and Old.

To get its beneficial effects always buy the Genuine, manufactured by the

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS one size only, regular price 50¢ per bottle.



A Natural Strength Giver

Ordinary tonics that merely supply food material and give artificial strength by stimulation are never lasting in their effects because they do not remove the cause of the ill health.

A "run down" condition is generally due to the failure of the digestive organs to properly digest the food.

## DR. D. JAYNE'S TONIC VERMIFUGE

tones up the stomach and other digestive organs, and restores their normal, healthy condition. Then the digestive organs supply the body with its full share of nourishment, and in this way build up permanent health and strength.

Sold by all druggists 2 sizes, 50c and 35c.

Dr. D. Jayne's Expecterant is an invaluable medicine for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Pleurisy, etc.

## Cheap Homes for the Million

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In Missouri, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Texas and Louisiana.

Write for copy of "Current Events" Gulf Coast Book, etc., to F. E. ROESLER, Land Commissioner, K.C.S. Ry. KANSAS CITY, MO.

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SEND 50c to the "GATEWAY" for complete, reliable information, maps and book of the best big openings of fertile land. EASTERN INFORMATION BUREAU, Madison, South Dakota.

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DEFIANCE Cold Water Starch makes laundry work a pleasure. 15 ct. pkg. 75c.

## Opening of Cheyenne River Indian Reservation (2,800,000 Acres)

Register for a free homestead October 4th to 23rd. The Commissioner of the General Land Office at Washington has designated

Le Beau and Aberdeen, S. Dak.

as registration points. These cities are reached best by the Iowa Central Ry. and

The Minneapolis & St. Louis R. R.

Le Beau is the Gateway to the Reservation and the only registration point where the lands can be seen from the town.

The country is fertile and well watered—the equal in all respects of land a few miles east that sells for \$25.00 per acre.

Frequent trains and low fares. Full information on request.

For rates, etc., write or ask any agent of the Iowa Central or Minneapolis & St. Louis R. R. or

A. B. CUTTS, General Passenger and Ticket Agent Minneapolis, Minnesota